yd January THE LADY HUNTINGDON

M7 Lady of Huntingdon continues so ill of grief that many doubt she cannot live She is so much weakened by sorrow that no officers of hers dare go to her sight to know her pleasure, either in her own private fortune or to know what shall be done with the dead body of my Lord

%th January * THE BLACK DOG OF NEWGATE '

There is entered a booL called *The Black Dog of Newgate* by one Luke Hutton, dedicated to Sir John Pophain, the Lord Chief Justice, and containing a poem of the Black Dog, being the Jailor of Newgate, whom for his cruelty he likeneth to a dog, also a discourse between the author and one Zawny, a prisoner, discovering the ways of certain connycatchers, E N or N S, that prey especially upon their fellows

THE CONDEMNED,

The sermon ended, the men condemned to die,
Taking their leaves of their acquainted friends,
With sorry looks paysing their steps they ply,
Down to a hall where for them there attends
A man of office, who to daunt life's hopes,
Doth cord their hands and scarf their necks with ropes

Thus roped and corded they descend the stairs,
Newgate's Black Dog bestirs to play his part,
And doth not cease for to augment their cares,
Willing the carman to set near his cart,
Which done, these men with fear of death o'erpanged,
Bound in the cart are earned to be hanged.

Noteth that the rats be so many that they will take a candle from a man's hand, and when one dieth in the common ward they will prey upon his face ere he be fully dead